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1913



POEMS
MRS.
THOMAS
YARRELL SR.



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Poems

By

MRS. THOMAS YARRELL, SR.

POEMS

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MRS. THOMAS YARRELL, SR.

*Privately published by the author
whose address is Belton, Tex.*

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Dedicated
To My Daughter
Maud Banton

As a fond greeting I'm sending you
A message of love from heart so true ;
May hope and peace your life imbue—
And joy be yours the whole year thru.

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GREETINGS

This is just a little book, with thoughts that tend to
lift—

The kind one's friend would choose in making a gift;
A book with some soberness, laughter, and tears—
To while away a little time in the passing years.

May it soften the hard hearts, to the weary give
rest—

Just a brave little book—not to be classed with the
“best.”

True, tender, and sweet, may it help to erase
Gloom, by bringing sunshine into some shady place.

If you chance to come home both tired and weary,

And also, the room seems cold and e'en dreary,

Just replenish the fire, and then light the lamp—

May the op'ning of this book put on a different
stamp.

JUST ONE DAY

From the flower-bedecked valley of rollicksome
childhood,

And the glittering tinsel of youth's illusions
sweet—

To the full-blown roses of maturer life, 'tis found

That the burdens of each day are sufficient to
meet.

Whether the day in roseate splendor arose,

Or from behind the bank of weeping clouds it
came,

It brought all its hopes and opportunities, for—

The star of hope gleams every day just the same.

A day is all the time one needs. Anyone is able
To fight to-day's battles. One's strength gives
way

When he tries to lift the burdens of to-morrow
With the weight of the loads of yesterday

Still upon him. Reap full fruition by grasping to-
day,

Let yesterday's burdens go down with setting
sun.

To be under the tyranny of to-morrow drives away
The sweets of life ere the day has hardly begun.

WHAT HAST THOU DONE?

Where is the product of thy brain or hand?
Hast thou sown good seed in this great land?
Hast lightened the burden of any one?

Answer to God before the setting sun—
What hast thou done?

As the sun goes down in a gilded west,
Ere a busy world has taken its rest,
Ask thy conscience ere the night has begun,
And the day its eternal course has run—

What hast thou done?

Answer this truly and make no mistake—
Didst add to sad heart one joy or an ache?
The higher walk—hast thou ever begun?
Answer quickly—for thy race is most run—

What hast thou done?

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

At this, the happy Christmas-tide
I'm thinking of you, my friend.

And with the day's merry greetings
Fondest love to you I send.

May each day bring you greater joy,
And add to those blessings, health;
May Time touch lightly your fair brow,
But add to your store of wealth.

Now with this simple New Year's wish
May I add to greeting—a prayer?
That God may send you happy days
And keep from your heart all care.

PRETEND AND SMILE

What though the heart is breaking,
With its long and constant aching—
 Aching, aching all the while?
Complaining will not mend things,
Will not soothe or ease the stings—
 So pretend all's right and smile.

It will not matter in the end
How many times we did pretend—
 Just so we continue to smile.
The world wants gladness and sunshine,
Wants you to laugh, not to repine—
 So pretend all's right and smile.

The clouds of doubt may o'er us roll,
But the sun comes out—we reach the goal
 In the race of life after a while.
Tho' journey was made with bursting heart,
We did some good, we did our part—
 Pretended, and continued to smile.

LIVING CLAY

Each child is as a piece of plastic clay,
Entrusted to some mother's hand;
Tho' idly fashioned, it will some day
To her moulding a monument stand.

Like plastic clay that hardens soon,
And to pressure will yield no longer,
So the childish heart, so pliant and soft,
In time will become fixed and stronger.

Her artistic touch must shape this life
Into a beautiful cast while she can,
For in a few short years she will see the clay
Has hardened into adamant man.

THE DARK WAYS

To be shown the summit of earthly bliss,
Then allowed to attain it, is happiness.
When the summit is reached 'tis hard to stay
On the highest peak. During all the way,
When we were climbing, it required a will
And an effort to reach the top of the hill.
Securing our aims, we rest on our oars—
When least expected our blissful dream soars.

Air-castles we build must crumble and fall,
E'en the pleasure of building, whether great or
small;
Gone, too, the bright hopes that filled brief years,
While sunshiny days are made cloudy with tears;
And courage, that came with sacrifice, is lost
In realization—and bitter was the cost.
But we are creatures of circumstances,

Controlled by them as life advances.
Some day we may wonder why we ever tried
To fan the spark of happiness that was denied
In the beginning of a life so young;
But from the pile of embers a tiny flame sprung.

After all, this life is just what we make it,
In youth, meridian, or age. We take it
From the hands of a Creator most kind—
Then it remains with us whether we find
The good things so bountifully placed
Within our reach, and so easily traced
Along our pathways, where are strewn flowers
To cheer us on and brighten the hours.
Do we deserve the good things of life that we get?
When the dark days come we are sure to forget
Many bright ones—both fair and fine,
That flooded the earth with golden sunshine.

As shorn as Winter's trees our pathway may seem,
But clouds break away—thru them comes a gleam
Of bright sunshine to gladden the heart;
Of life, constituting, perhaps a small part,
But sufficient to send its lengthening rays
Adown the valleys, thru the darkest ways.

THE OLD YEAR

Good-bye, Old Year. While we welcome the new,
We'd forget all the false, but remember the true;
We fain would loiter by your side to say,
Remember us kindly in the judgment day.
The wreckage of a yesterday may cause us pain,
But in your boundless granaries of life retain,
In sweet remembrance, only the loving deed,
If, perchance, we scattered the good seed.

There's a hidden glory in the dying old year,
Going out in darkness, that the new may appear
Glistening thru the dark like a golden sunbeam,
Beckoning the world on as in a fading dream.
What splendor and majesty in its dying light—
Its morning, its meridian, its sinking out of sight
Into wintry muffled darkness! But the stars peep
And twinkle, while they their silent vigils keep
O'er the faithful old year now bidding them adieu.
Then they brighten their sparkle to greet the New.

Let the dear old year in splendid peace go down,
With all its glory, its pomp, and its renown;
Let its regal departure, like a fountain's spray,
Stamp upon memory its glorious array.
Let us e'en forget we ever had sorrow,
And plant in our heart the joy of to-morrow.
The sun will go down, each day has its night,
The wrongs of the year will in time be made right.

GIVE US WOMEN

Give us women.
Women from every land,
Women true and grand;
Women of thought and action,
Women in fact, not in fiction;
Women to cherish the honor of home,
To rear and train the heroes to come;
To walk in the footsteps the fathers trod,
To live for country, home, and God—
Give us women.

Give us women—
Courageous and ready to fight

Against the wrong, and for the right;
Women to be loved by both young and old,
Whose deeds of kindness are daily told,
Whose memory lives in perpetual green—
Her life's influence in her children seen,
Who called her "blessed" from day to day—
Give us such women, we say,
Give us women.

Give us women.
Brave, true-hearted ones,
Mothers to America's sons.
Women to dare, and do what's right,
To suffer and endure in life's hard fight,
To keep the fires of the home altar bright,
To hew to the true with all their might—
Leaving this behind when under the sod:
"She reared them for Country, Home, and
God."
Give us women.

A MORNING IN SARATOGA

What more delightful on a morning fine,
When motionless stands the tall green pine,
Lifting its boughs toward the cloudless sky,
As if offering incense to a God on high.
The glow of early morning is on the land—
All respond to the gentle touch of day. And
There lingers yet the stillness of the night—
The leaves barely tremble. A pleasing sight,
For sky is as blue as a jay-bird's wing,
While every voice in nature seems to ring
With the summons to come out in open air
And enjoy the glorious sunshine, bright and fair.

What if the wailing winds and pouring rain
Did wildly dash against our window pane?
The moon flashed out between morning clouds
And enveloped earth with glimmering shrouds,
Of filmy, mellow, glorious moonlight.
Then sun came up making morning bright.

Now checkered sunbeams fall from dome of blue,
As the darkness of night has passed from view.
The first beams of the sun are kissing hills
And dancing gaily on sparkling rills.
Joy is seen in every leaf and flower,
Every plant and tree in shady bower;
Every leaf that lifts its shining face,
Helps the previous gloom to erase.
The very air is filled with joyful glee—
Nature's whole world is full of ecstasy.

AN EPISODE

Night had fallen and quiet brooded over land and
deep,
The noises of the city are hushed in dreamy sleep;
The screech of the night owl is the only sound
heard,
But the calm, chilly air by falling snow is stirred.
The great white snowflakes had silently stolen their
way
Into every little nook at the close of the day.
Heedless of the snow without, or the stillness
within,
A frail, beautiful girl, with never a thought of sin,
Had ventured alone down by the great, deep blue
sea.
Behold her with hands uplifted, and on bended knee,
In an attitude of prayer; this maiden we see,

Down on this snow-covered beach by the desolate
sea.

With long flowing tresses, and in a robe of spotless
white—

We wonder what brought her out on such a fierce
night.

A bleak, bitter night, when indeed all maidens fair
To leave their cozy firesides would scarcely dare;
Yet this damsel, alone, and even barefooted, too,
Had done what many a stout heart would fear to do.
The gentle zephyr that scarcely moved the snow-
flakes

Changes into fury, and a more serious aspect takes;
It dashes blinding snow into the face of the kneeling
girl—

Puts the bosom of the placid sea into a raging
whirl.

So despairingly she cries, as she rises to her feet:
“Oh, God, save me!” and even now it is her fate to
meet

A strong, stalwart youth, who quickly runs to her
aid.

Ere she is aware of it he has most tenderly laid
His overcoat around her form so white and cold.
The maiden is quite horrified to see him so bold.
At first she rebels at the kindness he has shown,
And entreats him to leave her, to leave her alone.
Leave her in a raging storm, on a bitter cold night,
To find her way home in such a miserable plight?
What sane man would listen to such pleading as
this?

What gallantry would such an opportunity miss—
Of carrying this vision of loveliness to her home?
He was willing to bear this burden thru all years
to come.

Either sleeping, or waking, as the lucky chance may
be—
Give him this airy, fairy vision down by the deep
sea.

It so happened that Fate had brought these two
together—
But never before in such terrible, stormy weather;
But now he realized the great advantage he had,
And, that when she recovered, 'twould be awfully
sad.
To think, then to act, had always been his plan.
So, with undaunted courage, and the strength of a
man,
He took her in his arms, and holding her close and
tight—
She bravely resisting with all her feeble might.
Finding resistance useless, like a woman, she
swooned away.
The fright she gave this young man he remembers
to this day.

The blinding snowflakes were falling thick and fast,
This heroic young man trudged along, until at last
In the hazy distance he saw a faint glimmering
light—
By its dim rays his weary footsteps were guided
aright.

The searching party met him, and the father took
the girl.
A few months later there was a different kind of
"whirl,"
When the girl was given back to him, this time for
life—

In the glow of womanhood she'd promised to be his
wife.

The explanation of the episode by the sea so deep—
Is, this fair young damsel was only walking in her
sleep.

NOTHING IS LOST

Nothing is lost. The little drops of rain
That pattered so noisily on window pane,
Swallowed by a thirsty earth have lain
Until, in time, they come forth in golden grain.

Nothing is lost. The comforting words spoken,
Echoing and re-echoing thru the ages, betoken
The true brotherhood of man. Each little flower
Praises the God who made it by His power.

Nothing is lost. That cheapest of all things, the
smile
You gave to a faltering friend helped to beguile
And soften the sad aches of his fainting heart,
Thus causing for a time his troubles to depart.

Nothing is lost. Every deed of kindness done
Is for you just another victory won.
Nothing is lost, for in that great Judgment Day
All these will greet you as you pass along the way.

YOUTH'S MAGIC SPELL

When love was young life seemed so sweet,
With buoyant heart 'twas armed to meet

And rout all difficulties along the way ;
Never dreaming once of the stout affray
With stern Fate. How well that it is true
Those sweet illusions ! They always imbue
Our lives with visions of gaudy dreaming.
At rosy sunset or mid-day glare seeming
To temper the lights to suit the shading
Of the gaudy colors gleamed—changing
From crimson rosy morn to twilight pale.
Let not drifting clouds nor dreams entail
Gloom over treasure-heaped, youthful memory—
When Nature's whole world is full of ecstasy.

In time childish thoughts are driven away—
Spring glides on, and Summer has come to stay ;
So we think as the days of youth depart,
And irksome duties weigh down on the heart.
The dear bright illusions, called to mind seem
Like fairy visits of some fleeting dream.
A dream so short, yet so vividly clear—
Regardless of time and date—'twould appear
A thing of yesterday. But alas, and alas !
The years, like our dreams, all too quickly pass,
For time and tide roll on bearing our boats ;
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon, floats
The dim line of foam that marks the path
On smooth or troubled waters that we hath
Willingly or unwillingly floated through.
The breakers, perchance, were ever in view,
Like the shades of evening they disappear
When morning dawns again bright and clear.

Dear childhood and youth, as each one appears,
There is wafted o'er the gulf of departed years
The sweet scent of fragrant flowers. Young life

Looking upon a world full of wonders. No
 strife,
No doubts. Just memory's gladsome ways
Are seen far back in those earliest days.
And smiles, that make the hours so golden
 bright,
Come back again with all their olden light.

WE TWO

The winds may howl around the house,
We fear not blasts, nor weather;
Though storms without, we hear them not—
When We Two are together.

If Fate should bring us bitter storms
As we journey on together;
'Twill bind us closer as we drift—
We heed not wind nor weather.

We fear no evil, nor what life brings,
As we travel o'er flowery heather;
Whether good or ill of earthly things—
When We Two are together.

AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY

A great mass of gold in the gilded west,
Songsters chirping drowsily going to rest;
Soft low of the cow, as the maid comes in sight,
Chickens arranged on the limb for the night;
Bright little eyes are closed in dreamless sleep,
Tired little feet that can just barely creep;
Mother *so* weary and worn out, did you say?
It was ever thus—at the close of the day.

THE YEAR'S TWILIGHT

The old year is gone, the new year has come ;
These fleeting years our varied lives become.
The sun will rise and set, the silver moon
Will wax and wane. These changes all too soon
Are made. First sweet flowers will bloom and
fade—
From seed-time the harvest with fruitage is arrayed.

Man will still be born, as year follows year,
Living his brief life, for the end is ever near ;
Sinning and suffering, until time shall end,
While comedies and tragedies so fitly blend.
The old year has faded into the dim past
To blend with the dust of ages that have passed.

While we face the New Year's untrodden ways,
The uncertain pathway thru its changing days,
We realize the old year has gone into history—
And lingers with us—only as a memory.
How eagerly we turn to the unblemished pages
Of the new year, longing for the wisdom of sages,—
To earnestly scan its untrodden pathway,
And get a faint glimpse of the future day.

While the new year stares with bright new hopes,
The faltering steps thru uncertainty grope ;
The brave heart makes a fervent resolve to let
The dead past bury its dead. To forget
As the year glides on the unpleasant things,
And renew that determination that brings
A nobler, sweeter spirit in the soft light
Of our existence, and a purpose more bright,
Even strenuous, to give a definite goal
To life so often stranded on a rocky shoal.

WHAT IS LOVE?

This query to the twinkling stars, What is Love?
We expect an answer as a happy boon,
But sleepily blinking, they lazily said:
"Please put your hard question to the moon."

Turning to the east, a brilliant horizon
Showed the approach of messenger gay;
Whose testimony has never been doubted,
From the Creation until the present day.

As she proudly stepped from entangled clouds,
We tremblingly asked: What is Love?
She saucily blinded us with dazzling rays,
But with great dignity, continued to move.

A zephyr arose, gently fanning our cheek,
Perhaps it brought the answer to What is Love?
Our ears strained to catch the faintest whisper—
It tauntingly laughed—but ceased not to rove.

Despairing, we turned, when in our pathway,
The joy of a dear little flower was heard;
When again we put this question: What is Love?
It glistened with dew, but said ne'er a word.

We appealed to the genial rays of sunshine,
Whose warmth sets heart to throbbing fast;
The same unanswered question—What is Love?
Is propounded—but the Spring goes past.

Then, in the languor of a mild warm June,
When all nature is happy and gay,
With fresh mornings and dewy afternoons—
When Cupid round the heart loves to play;

When happy thoughts flush the rosy peach cheek,
And in the heart makes young blood to thrill—
Again that same important question—
Is asked, but remains unanswered still.

And then far across the brown meadows,
While Autumn casts her lurid flame;
Resounding thru a land of dim shadows,
The echo of that question came.

Then, when Winter with its chilling blast,
And the bending willow whispers low—
That same unanswered question—seems
On the surface of Life's river to flow.

CHILDHOOD DAYS

Now we are carried back to the old bygone days—
Back to our childhood, with its dear sweet ways,
When life was only a dream in fairyland laid,
Where we gaily roamed in the flowery glade.
We are like children with a picture book,
Turning a new leaf each day, we eagerly look
For Cinderellas, dragons, or ogres gaunt;
Or strain our eyes to see the mystic flaunt
Of fairy godmother's wonderful wand.
Half the charm lies in uncertainty. And
Each day will come with its precious gifts;
The morning may be cloudy, but the sun lifts
The gloom and sends his piercing rays
Into the meridian, or close of our days.

How very long seemed the years of childhood!
E'en in giddy youth or early manhood
The years were still longer. Will they never end?
After that they shorten, and soon will send

Each other chasing across the stage of time,
To be lost in the sea of memories sublime.
Then time becomes precious, for now, indeed,
The years rush swiftly, with a Niagara's speed,—
Whose roar seems to fill our ears with dismay,
And a year now seems but as a short day.

It is truly said that water wears the rock—
So does time fly with "tick! tick!" of the clock.
But 'twould matter little how swift the hours
Could entire pathway be strewn with flowers.
Whether flowers or thorns, we keep pace with the
hours,

Under burning sun, or in shady bowers;
Whether up life's rugged and tiresome hill
Or down in the valley where the old owl's shrill
"Who, who, who are you?" is constantly heard,
It is the same always. This same little bird
Greets each weary traveler on his way.
The mocking-bird prima donna, with her sweet lay,
Can charm us, and soothe us to dreamless sleep,
And awaken and brighten old memories deep.
Who has forgotten, or what can dispel,
Her notes from the tree-tops that shaded the well?
She sang while from bucket we quenched our thirst,
Sang long and loud till her throat almost burst,—
So it seemed to her childish audience that day.
Thru memory we hear the little wren say
(As she builded her nest with new-mown hay),
"Go, frolicsome youth, go again to your play."
Contentment was the keynote of her song,
As she worked and twittered all day long.

We are then attracted by a musical tinkle,
Ah, 'tis the bell worn by old "Brinkle,"
Our meek-eyed, good-natured, lovely old cow.

Now we would run to the pen just to see how
Much rich milk old "Brinkle" would give.
Those childhood days, we would love to live
Them over again. We'd give a great deal
To be carried back—one moment to feel
The spell, the charm, of happy youth once again.
How we'd brighten the joys, leave out the pain,
We think we'd chase shadows out of our sky,
And brighten the moments as they swiftly fly.
Could we sing like the birds, and work like the bees,
Then each passing moment we'd gladly seize,
To store away happiness for future use.

If soap bubbles do burst, they serve to amuse.
So blow them up high—see them float in the air,
Like air-castles built—they may bring us despair.
But the soap-bubble era, with the joyous laugh
Of happy childhood, constitutes the half
Of life, containing more joy than pain.
Because we never pass that way again
Makes childhood seem so short, indeed,
Its loving memories we scarcely heed,
So much happens in after life, and—yet,
Those dear youthful days we can not forget.

Tho the Spring-time of life, with its childish joys,
Is happy simply because of playthings and toys,
Yet 'twill gladden memories as on we glide
Over school days, with knotty problems wide.
As the wheel of Time turns, 'tis an evident truth,
We are always charmed by the glamour of youth;
And tho dazed, perchance, with rainbow hues,
We are sobered somewhat as the contrast ensues
Between youth and age, the weak and the strong.
Early memories will cling, and the youthful song
Will trill its sweet notes thru a tired brain—
Giving joy and gladness by its sweet refrain.

THE DEAR OLD MAN

An aged grandfather is sitting all alone,
Watching his great grandchildren play;
His form is bent, and his eyes are dim,—
Poor man! he'll not much longer stay
To see children romp and gambol
O'er hills of this resplendent age.
A ripple of sweet childish laughter
Makes his thoughts go behind the stage.

His mind goes rambling backward,
Adown the winding path of the green;
Yes, back to his dear childhood home,
When only youth's joys are seen.
Then memory shifts the scene forward—
He sees a coffin covered with flowers;
And the old man is weeping now—
But just a moment and there towers

Before him a strong, robust young man,
Beside him the gentle wife and bride,
Who unflinchingly bore her burdens
As they journeyed side by side.
He then sees graves—long lines of them,
Heaped up like billows of green.
His mind is lost in wandering
Through the years that intervene.

He sits and dreams until the stars
Peep through the branches and smile,
While the moon comes over the hills,
And the clouds sail by in file.
He is living now in the bygone days
When the world was so young and new,

When the golden future was still ahead—
And only happiness in view.

With a start he's aroused from dreaming,
With a sigh he goes on the old way ;
The star in the vault of high heaven
Beckons him on to that glad happy day
When these shackles will be borne no longer
In the midst of contention and strife,—
But a crown of glory will await him,
When borne from the battlefield of life.

THOSE HALCYON DAYS

(A Romance in Verse)

He sighs for the good old days that are past and
gone,
The quiet old times when little was being done
To try man's soul.
Away back in those blissful days of bachelorhood,
When life was worth the living, and he understood
How things to control.

It was so easy then to meet the wants of this life,
With no dresses and hats to purchase for a wife—
And et ceteras beside.
How little he'd dreamed of the sighs and heartaches
That come to the bachelor when he a wife takes,
Until by him tried.

The convictions of a bachelor are easily upset
When, as decreed by Fate, a widow he has met,—
She is so charming.
She baits her hook with many winning glances ;

She tempts, she bewitches, her every charm en-
hances—

Until it is alarming.

The effect on this bachelor so susceptible and vain,
Who long defied the maiden his affections to
attain,—

But who can blame

This widow with maneuvers so artful and gay?

Having succeeded before she understands the way

By which she became

The possessor of man's vulnerable points. And
With knowledge so dearly bought she easily can
stand

His bachelor ways.

She knows the time will come when she'll have full
sway,

And gently but firmly lead him her own dear way,—

Those halcyon days!

A sad change comes o'er the spirit of his dreams—

He decides married life is not all that it seems

From a distance.

As with Adam of old, the blame rests with the
wife,—

This theory's advanced by men in all stations of life,

With little resistance.

His soul shrivels up in a crusty old shell,

She lives on, but thinks she might as well

Not have lived.

She begins to wonder how she had such visions rare,

And from this checkered life what happiness was
there

To be derived?

But the heavier the heart, the more smiling is done—
Until at last the race of their lives is run,

And the tragedy ended.

The world freely talks of their constant devotion,—
They had only complied with the ordinary convention,

And, like many, pretended.

SOMEWHERE

Somewhere? Oh, yes, but where
Is the beautiful land—Somewhere?
Where the sun is always shining
And the sad cease their repining?

Where the days are a little longer,
The faint heart a little stronger;
Where the weary task will be done,
And life's victory will be won?

Where, oh, where, is the weary heart-cry—
When, oh, when, can their burdens lie
To be lifted and borne no more?
Echo faintly answers: "On the other shore."

LIFE'S DESERT

O'er life's desert there shines a star
Thru the deep gloom of night;
Its dim, pale light is seen afar.
That dimness seems wondrous bright

To heart bare of bloom and song
And panting for the sun of noonday.
To life's wilderness must surely belong
The opening of some better way.

Perhaps 'tis the whisper of the sighing wind,
Or weird notes of the sea's mystic song,—
In Life's desert some joys we will find
By listening, as we trudge along.

EVENTIDE

Summer has clothed the forest with garb of green-
est hue,
And stretched overhead the bending arch of blue ;
The morning, clear and bright, has sharpness in the
breeze
That fans so gently the leaves upon the trees.
How busily Spring has worked, both night and day,
Weaving wonderful robes, that in time she may
Wave her magical wand over hill and tree—
When, like a flash, they are clothed in beauty.

The glorious sun, mounting his chariot, like a king
Traversing the imperial highway of gold, will fling
From his lofty track arrowy gleams of light,
With magic movement and scintillating flash so
bright.
But this mid-day brilliancy must now subside,
With its quivering heat, into soft glow of eventide.
The same Hand that paints the glorious morning
sky
Gives splendor to evening when the day has gone by.

MEMORY'S OWN

If life could only be one long sweet dream,
As mind wanders o'er its woodland and stream,
And see its bright meadows gleam with an emerald
hue,
While the fleecy clouds float thru skies of blue,

Hearing the same birds in tuneful praise,
And seeing the same sun rays scatter the haze,—
Then, when time has sped, and years have flown,
Happy thoughts should come as memory's own.

BEARING OTHERS' BURDENS

May God help us, while we journey along,
To exchange sadness for a joyful song;
And help us to walk onward, armed with trust,
Relying on His goodness and mercies just.
By following the voice of conscience, then,
An attempt to do good unto all men;
And to cherish no malice toward any one—
Will make hearts lighter with each setting sun.
Scattering sunshine along life's darkest way,
Soothing sad hearts broken, wiping tears away,
Ever doing deeds of kindness, giving words of
 love,—
By bearing others' burdens we gain the courts above.

LIFE'S TWILIGHT

In the valley our dead lie sleeping,
 Ne'er to awake till the resurrection day.
And the blue-eyed violets are peering out,
 Where rays of golden sunshine play.
No voice of wind, nor drenching rain,
 When the twilight's somber is deep,
Can arouse the dead to pleasure or pain,
 Or disturb the silent spell of their sleep.

From youth to a happy meridian they climbed,
 Then paused for a long, lingering look
At the long ago so dimly receding,
 Which is soon to become a closed book.

The twilight of life is fast approaching,
Casting weird shadows along the way;
The glory of sunset has indeed departed,
And somber tints catch the fading ray.

Down in the valley where the shadows play,
Or over the hills beside the rolling sea,
The sunbeams in life do not come to stay,—
But, likewise too, its shadows will flee.
The brightest sunshine fades into twilight,
After midnight darkness dawns the morning fair;
The darkest cloud has its silver lining, and
The twilight here is the sunrise over there.

LOST MOMENTS

Lost—one golden moment on a Summer's day,
While the dew was fresh on the new-mown hay,
And the first streaks of dawn o'er purple hill
Scattered rays over a world, sleeping still.

Loud is the cry for one more hour of slumber,
Which in time makes days without number.
The wind sighs low, and the lark soars high,
While these golden moments are slipping by.

The years creep on, tho the heart grows tired;
Some hopes are fulfilled, yet many desired
Were lost with that golden hour, for each
Floated away, quite out of our reach.

In closing years, in the solemn eventide,
Will youth and the hour on the green hillside
Meet and condole over chances swept away—
By the lost golden hours of the long ago day?

EARLY DAWN

The dim line of gray heralding the dawn
Grows more clearly, defined with advancing morn;
Then the dazzling rays o'er the sun-kissed hills
Awaken songsters in the tree-tops. Musical trills
Float smoothly on the gentle breeze,
While smoke clouds roll high above the trees.

The golden sunshine now falls in checkered masses,
Sprinkling diamond dust on the dew-kissed grasses.
All nature is awakened from refreshing sleep,
As the sparkling dewdrops their vigils keep.
Hear the song of the wind to the tiny flower,
As it lifts its head in the dawn's early hour.
It rises, it trembles, with prolonged trills,
Till its weird, sad notes the whole world thrills.

“THE SKY IS THE ROOF OF BUT ONE
FAMILY”

How often come those gray days in memory,
When lowering clouds and murky atmosphere
Have tinged one's life with their gloomy shading,
And dimmed the light so surely fading.
But when we remember, how comforting to know
Beyond lowering clouds a sun will show
Rays that illuminate the heavens so blue—
Adding luster and brightness to the scenes we view!
The “melancholy days” are good for the soul.
A spirit of thoughtfulness and soberness will roll
Over the changing vicissitudes of life,—
Tho reminding ever of its brevity and strife.
These days surely cast their mystic spell

Over all the landscape, and over us as well.
Could we only read those loving messages
God writes on the face of Nature thru the ages,
And catch the loving inspiration along our ways
That He scatters abroad thru the autumnal days,—
We would go thru life more cheery and bright,
Surrounded always with His halo of light.

Although the past, to which we fondly clung,
O'er lost joys a doleful knell hath rung;
Although the present serves to lure us on
With beguiling promises, which we build upon,
It remains for the future's mystic ways,
With the dazzling radiance of sunset rays,
To bewilder alike, with a roseate hue,
The scenes of a long ago. 'Tis strangely true
That we, in a butterfly chase, go each day,
Heeding not the thorns that are in our way.
As fast as one soap-bubble breaks in two
Another floats high, showing sunshine through.
There's no doubt things are as they should be.
When each life goes into vast eternity
Will be time enough for relief from doubt,
And the zigzag path going in and out.

Whether climbing the mountain or sailing the sea,
Going through life as the journey may be,
We learn at some time the lesson truly—
"The sky is the roof of but one family."

THE LAST STATE WORSE THAN THE FIRST

In a little country village not a hundred miles away,
Was a beautiful little church so inviting and neat,

Whose congregation was composed of worshippers
devout—
And the music by the choir was considered complete.

This church was afflicted with an unpopular preacher
Whom they were very anxious to get rid of, but,
alas!
For certain local reasons 'twas difficult to accomplish.
Plan as they would, it seemed 'twould never come
to pass.

Finally the church was overjoyed, the preacher
resigned.
The faithful elders and deacons were now put to
a test.
They prepared very complimentary resolutions,
Believing thereby to "speed the parting guest."

At a farewell meeting given to their beloved (?)
pastor
Bright speeches were delivered, and resolutions
read,—
Each dwelling upon the love the church felt for him.
Imagine their surprise when the pastor arose and
said:

"If I'd only known you held me in such high esteem,
The thought of leaving would never have entered
my mind.
I shall reconsider, in fact, *recall* my resignation,
And spend the rest of my days with a people so
kind."

WE REAP AS WE SOW

On and on we trudge along, till bye and bye
When on life's journey we shall meet, far or nigh,
The realization of purposes and aims so vast,
That we smile at the poor fancies of the past.
We once had dreams, aye, rosy dreams of youth.
They brighten memory's pages, yet, forsooth,
The later time brought fuller hopes, more gained,
Tho o'er rugged pathway it was attained.

No sounds save the echo of footsteps now fall
On our ear as we tread thru memory's hall.
Hushed is the tumult, the world stands still—
It seems for a moment—as memories will
Gather from the weeds and the wild grass
The dear little flowers from byways we pass;
And we live over the days, as the season goes,
Avoiding the thorn as we pluck the rose.
Seeing not shadows that would make the heart faint,
But just the bright scenes would memory paint
When life was bright as the noonday's beams,
And youth's fancies shone with golden gleams.
Their reflection will guide us thru cloudy days—
If only notes of gladness be in the songs we raise.
For renewed opportunities each year brings,
Making them stepping-stones to better things.
But metaphor aside, we will reap each day
The harvest we've sown along life's rugged way;—
If we sow good deeds there'll be golden beams—
Disappointment and gloom if we plant only dreams.

WHAT'S THE USE?

What's the use of repining,
If life's joys are declining?

To-morrow's sun may be shining,
Tho 'tis cloudy to-day.
What's the use of our grieving?
'Tis not our hearts relieving
By thus ourselves deceiving.
Sorrow will not always stay.

What's the use of complaining?
By this we are only sustaining
Its ill effects. By refraining
We'll make life more complete.
What's the use to struggle with Fate,
Our troubles to exaggerate,
Our strength to underestimate,
As we plod with weary feet?

What's the use to be full of doubt?
In life's windings in and out,
'Tis the heart brave and stout
That wins the coveted goal.
Each day lays its gifts at our feet,
Each day some obstacles we'll meet,—
Brush them aside, they'll cause defeat,
And bring sorrow to the soul.

Sing as you go, 'twill soften pain,
On the morrow bring new hope again;
Seeing not things thru mist and rain—
Assures horizon to be clear.
So what's the use to live in dread,
With storm cloud hanging overhead,
And carrying a heavy heart, instead
Of just being happy all the year?

THE BOY IN MAY

When in his royal majesty the sun
With a dazzling, blinding luster has begun
 His journey for the day,
When the sleepy songsters merrily sing,
And their high notes they gleefully fling,
 On a morning in May:
Why should man's heart be filled with aching?
Or needless sorrow to himself be taking?
Miserable only from his own making—
 In the glad month of May.

When the buds of nature are ready to burst
From the frantic efforts, e'en from the first,
 To come forth in May.
When chilly winds are sent back to the north,
The icy frost is no longer of worth,
 On a morning in May.
Why should man continue to shiver?
Mind clinging to winter's frozen river,
Instead of enjoying gifts from the Giver
 Of the beauties in May.

When the spring rains come to gladden the earth—
All nature rejoicing at the new birth
 Of a morning in May;
When that frolicsome boy—the future man—
With hook and line, and pants rolled up, can
 Go barefooted in May.
What man wouldn't exchange his joy for this,
And give up his hope of any earthly bliss,
For an old-fashioned boy's happiness,
 When he's fishing in May?

The boy knows nothing of the burdens of life,
Is happy if he owns just a barlow knife—

 In the month of May.

For he then can cut his own fishing pole,
Set out hooks, and go to the swimming hole—

 Any morning in May.

Life to that boy is not any too real—

Each day will supreme happiness reveal—

Heart filled to bursting, he can not conceal

 Joy in the month of May.

MEMORY'S MYSTICAL WAYS

The moon sheds silvery splendor far and nigh,

And we hear the night wind's softest sigh ;

While summer, mellowed by autumnal days,

With unnamable charms and subtle ways

Spreads beauty over land, and sky, and seas,

Filling the heart with sweetest memories.

Extending far, like some tremendous lakes

Whose silent majesty indescribably makes

Them irresistible objects to our gaze—

Is the path thru Memory's mystical ways.

While the river of life glides on and on,

It is the landscape that changes upon

Either bank. We advance and older grow.

Fate wills some of its cataracts, we know,

And we vainly attempt to understand

Why pleasure and pain must go hand in hand.

In those early days, when springtime was green,

In each moment of life new beauties were seen,

Each day was filled with romantic delight,

And life was all sunshine. No thought of the night,

With its darkness and shadows so weird,

On Youth's bright horizon had yet appeared.

It is when the shadows of evening are dropping
down,
And the robes of nature assume a golden brown,
That Memory would guide us, along and alone,
As we tread very softly thru ways once known.
For along the path are changes since last
We gazed so wonderingly at the vanished past.
Adown the long vista bright scenes grow pale,
Fondest hopes were cherished but to fail.
There is also a change in the morning's beam,¹
Which falls alike on mountain and stream.
Is it the same little flower kissing the breeze,
And the same little bird singing in the trees;
And the same dewdrops sparkling on the grass
In the same dear nooks that we used to pass?
Then why do the skies seem darker, air so heavy,
The mind so sluggish, and such a bevy
Of memories come trooping thru the brain—
Crowding out gladness with a weird, sad refrain?
Some one has said that the sun finds joy
In bringing forth life, that it may destroy.
But Fate decrees that these changes should be,
And we learn full well from the things we see—
We may all be dazed and lost in the maze,
When peering thru Memory's mystic ways.

LIFE'S EVENING

The tassel on the tall green corn is swinging,
The crisp air with songster's note is ringing
With the tinkle of cow-bells faint and low,
And Tennyson's brook with its rippling flow.

There is a heavenly blue on a calm lake seen,
With its pretty shores all fringed with green;

On whose placid bosom a boat glides along—
The splash of its oars one continual song.

See the glory of the fading hills!
Hear the music of the rippling rills!
Behold the twinkling stars peep in—
Listen now, night's choristers begin.

The daisy droops its little head,
Its early morning glow is fled;
And the bending willow whispers low—
For the very river seems to flow

In song beneath our trembling feet,
Of passing time, and of years so fleet,
When life's evening shall fade away—
Like the glory of the dying day.

DON'T WORRY SO

How many friends would say:
 "Don't worry so?"
And remind us each day
 Of things we know?
True we are made from dust,
But fret alike we must,
If the high winds will just
 Continue to blow.

It makes housekeeping fine (?)
 Such a delight
To begin before nine
 This dust to fight.
Then, indeed, all day long,
In dust-cap and with song (?)

To housekeeping belong
This pretty sight.

To fill our lungs with dust—
Don't worry so.
Or suffocate you must.
You'll never know
How little people thought,
When your health you've bought—
Or rather sold for naught—
Fighting dust so.

Just let the dust float high,
Or settle low;
No matter when you die,
You'll never know,
Nor care, in grave, we're told,
Whether you're young or old—
In dust, or stone, so cold—
Don't worry so.

WE CHANGE WITH THE PASSING YEARS

We each have our place, and our duty to do,
Do that well, and we'll have nothing to rue;
Be happy as the occasion may be—
Or sympathizing, if sorrow we see.
On the unavoidable waste no grief;
Look to employment for speedy relief.
He who looks into the horizon afar,
Seeing only clouds, instead of the star,
May expect his vision, somewhat marred,
To show only dark things, without regard
To its baleful effect on both heart and mind.
Journeying thru life one can always find

Whatever he looks for, early or late—
Contentment and peace, or that sadder fate.

The joy of growing, the thrill of living,
Knowing the power within us of giving
Our little mite to the suffering here,
Should fill our lives with some small cheer.
So much is left when the horizon clears,
So much we failed to see, that it appears
Dazzlingly bright to a melancholy brain.
We gladly exchange for our sad refrain
The joyful song, with thrilling notes of glee,
Carried on high on waves of ecstasy.

There'll come the deep hush with closing years,
Yet no need to be continually bowed in tears.
We need not mourn too keenly the passing away
Of the dreams and ideals of our youthful day.
Other ambitions and hopes came to take
The place of those which seemed needful to make
Our life complete. Our aims and ideals change
With the passing years, but we soon arrange
For higher ambitions, and hopes more enduring,
Instead of youthful dreams and illusions pursuing.

TO LITTLE WILLIE

Oh, sad aching void, how can we supply
Her merry laughter, for which we all sigh?
Her jolly childish prattle all the day long
Was like a sun's ray or mocking-bird song.
For over four years she had filled the place
Made vacant by death. She could daily chase
The dark clouds from a lonely widow's brow,
And to the decrees of Fate help her to bow.
But God, in His wisdom, thought it wise

To take her from earth up into the skies.
Why He needed her we never can know,
In His own good time the reason He'll show.

Why in parting a mother's heart must ache,—
Why she should grieve until it almost break;
Why life should contain so little for her;
Why a wise Providence chooses to defer
Her brightest joys to some time far away,
Will only be answered on some future day.

They say the time will come when we'll be glad,
And this aching heart will no longer be sad.
Perhaps 'twill be so. She has gone above
To dwell in the sunshine of God's great love.
Why should one so adorable, whose joy was
sweet,
Live a life so short that it seemed incomplete?
Yes, why should she go at so early a day?
But we kissed her cold face, then turned away.

Put her away gently, and dry the mother's tears;
But thru the gloom of all the coming years
There'll cluster around us, 'till her face we see,
The halo of her short life, through memory.

DON'T BOTHER ME

"P'ease, p'ease don' bozzer me,
I'm 'eadin' my book;
Des as busy as tan be;
If 'ou'll only look,
'Ou'll see I've no time to spare
To play wid Baby wee.

My teacher over there
Teeps me busy as tan be.

“So don’t bozzer, Baby mine,
’Ou darlin’ ’ittle pet.
To do to school is fine—
But I’s e not old ’nough yet.
Some day I’ll know how to spell,
An’ ’ead in a date big class—
If I learn my lessons well,
De teacher ’ll let me pass.

“Now go ’way, ’ou Baby dear,
’Tause I must study hard,
De pictures are all so clear—
But de ’eadin’s awful hard.
Mama, take Baby away—
He bozzers so ve’y much,
He makes me want to play—
I fordets to ’ead wi’ such.

“Big pretty eyes so near me.
Sweet ’ittle mouth a-tooin’—
He smiles as sweet as tan be—
I fordets what I’m doin’.
Well, if he’s des’ boun’ to stay,
Der’s no use for me to try—
I b’lieves I’d razzier play—
So I’ll put dis hard book by.”

THE CRY OF THE SOUL

To follow what seems to be the path of duty
Is giving up some illusions of youthful beauty.
Things that seemed in the earlier years
To be the highest in life, pass in arrears

To a subordinate place, and others come
To take their places, and rightly become
The present duties. With new hopes abiding
Fancies grow dim, surer things presiding.

Why should not memory dwell on that glad time?
Why not live over again those feelings sublime?
Why not carry them thru life as we go,
Making paths brighter, as we drift to and fro?
Ah, 'tis the sweetest memory under the sun,
When a Christian life we had really begun.

Since decision was made to turn away
From pursuit of earthly prizes one glad day,
And "seek God's Kingdom and His righteousness,"
No pang of regret has saddened our conscience.
On the contrary, each succeeding year has brought
Satisfaction and joy with each happy thought;
Perchance, a cup of cold water we've given,
Helped to higher aim those who have striven
To throw off the shackles of galling sin,
Helped others some way a new life to begin.

If we have kindled a flame in hearts of any,
Or shed light where dark pathways are many,
E'en given hope and courage to a fainting heart,
In a small measure we've done our part.
We are not concerned that our work be great
When compared with others. Just let Fate
Decree that it only be earnest, right, and true,
With the Master's approval ever in view.
High above the plains is the shining goal,
And there is life beyond, tho dense clouds roll
O'er and envelop us in our struggle made
For its attainment. Perhaps the shade
Of life's close will find us nearer the goal—
And stronger and surer the cry of the soul.

THE RUBICONS WE'VE CROSSED

In the long ago, on a day bright and fair,
The fearful hush of death brooded in the air;
When we heard the widow's sob, the orphan's cry,
And saw the homeless dazed, with tearless eye.
In either case we hear the cries of despair,
For those heartrending sighs still fill the air.
The great red sun, now sinking to his rest
Behind the western hills, no longer gives zest
To a life strangely filled with sadness.
The soft full moon no longer gives gladness.
Nor the glittering stars from their lofty thrones,
Neither brightest flowers from tropic zones,
Can give joy when life's pathway is thorny—
Which time we fain would blot from memory.

But life is too short to be found repining,
Whether our pathway be shaded or shining;
Whether dreams be realized or forever lost,
Depends upon the Rubicons we've crossed.
'Tis better to smile thru our griefs, if we may,
It is the only panacea to drive them away.
At times memory would hide away, no longer sing
Of the violet's sweet scent in the early spring.
Yet among the shady groves which are summer's
pride
Are the same winding streams that smoothly glide
Between curving banks, that are forever green
With memories of life's joys, chasing between
The shadows that linger, as they swiftly fly—
Leaving sad memories as they silently flit by.

As the changing clouds in the far away sky
Assume different forms to the gazing eye,
So in the pictures of memory we behold

Some things unpleasant, yet they seem to unfold
Beautiful tints, as they from us recede.
For by the laws of nature it is decreed
That time and distance will surely efface,
Or make strangely dim things we would erase.
Young hearts are stirred with new hopes again—
In the days of joy they forgot the old pain.
Young lives can not be hampered. And 'tis well.
Young griefs, like April showers that fell
Into a thirsty earth, disappear very soon,
Like the midnight darkness before rising moon.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

We hear the tones of church-bells ringing,
The air is crisp and clear;
Joyous notes, happy hearts are singing,
The rejoicing time is near.
For no one is old at Christmas times;
Like children, hearts are young,
Care disappears at sound of chimes,
While Christmas songs are sung.

Despair yields its place to hope,
And frowns give way to smiles;
No longer will pessimism grope,
For optimism now beguiles.
By the influence of Christmas time
Hearts are unlocked by a mystic key;
Dollars go, where usually the dime
Was the extent of sweet charity.

Christ's birth opened the fountain of hope,
Of joy, in a desert of sin;
No longer need we in darkness grope,
God's sunshine is now within.

Rejoice, oh, rejoice in thy blessings!
Be more thankful each day,
Thy sins to thy God, confessing,
Make Christ thy eternal stay.

AUTUMN'S MESSAGE

When we behold nature in her autumn attire,
And the time has come for the bright cozy fire,
And to stroll in the woods one readily finds
Autumn is resonant with wailing winds.
Perhaps the fading and falling leaves suggest
The oncoming winter of our lives. The best
Of half melancholy moods will follow;
Not unpleasant, or unhealthful, but a mellow
And sweet spirit of thoughtfulness. No fears,
When glancing backward down the track of years.
Things change in the wake of the passing year,
The fields and the tall trees are bare and sere.
With years of burden the oak is bending low,
Stiff and straight he stands bravely in the snow;
The window panes are thick with hoary frost,
The brown, late-falling leaves are rudely tossed;
The bleak night winds tug at shutter and gate,
The blue flames flicker in bright blazing grate:
While loved ones on this long ago winter night
Are grouped 'round fireplace, cozy and bright,
Peering into the fire, with its bright ruddy glow,
And mantel decorated with clinging mistletoe,

Beside an open fireplace, in winters long ago,
When the hilltops were covered with a mantle of
snow,
The noisy snowbirds gayly twittered all the day,
Their happy little lives seemed so full of play.
You see the rabbit tracks in the newly fallen snow,

Hear the bark of dogs as they chase them to and fro.

What joy and happiness such memories become,
When they cluster around a dear old Christmas home.

The moon shines brightly on a night so fair,
And you hear the sound of sleigh-bells on the air.
On happy hearts night's stillness seems to fall,
When fox-hound's yelp responds to merry call.
Happy boys are ready for the exciting chase;
Could *any* thing such memories erase?

AT THE JUDGMENT DAY

Did you give him a lift? He's a sinner, like you,
But a word, kindly spoken, might have helped him thru.

Did you give him a smile? Was he disconsolate
and blue?

Just a look, just a smile, you can't tell what they'll
do.

Did you give him a word, just to show him the way,
Or were you willing he should continue astray?

If he were slipping down hill, did you offer your
hand,

Set him on his feet, then help him to stand?

Did you try to find out what he needed so much,
Whether a cheery smile or a friendly touch?

Did you stop in your hurry, when he asked for a lift,
Or did you pass on and leave him to shift?

The test of true brotherhood is, what did you do?

Did you help him at all, or your own way pursue?

Alas, how much it means to be losing the fight,

When a lift just in time would set you aright!

While these questions are pointed, just remember,
I say,
They are to be answered by *you* at the Judgment
Day.

THE SUNSET MISTS

In memory's valley of gold and blue
We live over again the life we knew;
In the years that were, and the days that fled,
We dream and dream of the dreams that are dead.
And now softer sunset mists are rolled
With the floating clouds in the days of old.
The skies unfold a much deeper blue,
The sinking sun assumes a richer hue,
The gentle sough of the pines' whispered song
O'er the hills of memory call all the day long.
And on thru sun's gleam, or the gray mists thin,
Memories, fond memories, come trooping in.

TINSEL AND SHOW

Each year goes by with its burden of sadness,
Its weight of woe, its treasures of gladness;
With smiles and laughter, with frowns and tears,
Memories alternate in the passing years.
Whatever it ought have been can never now be—
Whatever it might have been was not for us to see.
Happy if we've more to be glad for than to regret,
Happier still if we've the power some things to
forget.
Sometimes our greatest successes come when we
fail;
Not wise enough to see it that way, we oft entail
Needless worries over the things that have gone
Into the irrevocable past with which we have done.
After all, the years are much alike. Each seems

To hold enough of light and shade to send gleams
Into every nook. Memory's pictures show the same
touch

On the canvas. This year's painting is very much
Like that of last. Enough so that each day is rife
With sadness sufficient to soften our life.

Before the autumnal blasts the leaves of the forest
fall,

Leaving branches bare and desolate. After all,
This same path is followed by busy men
Pursuing pleasure, wealth, and power, when
In such a little while they too disappear,
As night follows night or year succeeds year.

From the time rosy-fingered Aurora, so serene,
Opens the gates of morning until night changes the
scene,

This exceedingly busy world is hurrying to and fro,
With eyes often blinded by its tinsel and show.
For many varied dreams and visions so fair,
Are only air-castles that pervade the air.
We may toil and toil, and then at last fail,—
Then our heart becomes sick and cheek grows pale;
While the golden goal seems too far away to seek,
And the hills ahead are so barren and bleak,
That all our bright visions seem to have fled—
Our lights going out, leaving darkness ahead.
But steer bravely thru, cease all repining,
For the blackest cloud has its silver lining.

TEXAS

I love old Texas soil—
Even her fields of oil
Give odors sweet.

What can ever compare
With her flowers so rare
And her maidens so fair—
In any retreat?

I love the dear gulf breeze,—
O'er prairies and thru trees
It sweeps along.
Fanning us while we sleep—
Giving us slumber deep
With its brisk rushing sweep,
Yet soothing song.

Thy broad expansive plains,
Thy fields of growing grains,
I love them all.
I love thy varied fields—
All thy rich land which yields
Thy prairies, or the fields—
Or timbers tall.

New England's "rocks and rills,"
With "woods and templed hills,"
Need never vie
With Texas' pure crisp air—
Sunshine everywhere—
Land beyond compare—
So come and buy.

Buy at once while you may,
For soon will come a day—
The price goes up.
For Texas land you'll sigh,
In vain you then will cry,
"Why is black loam so high?"
When you wake up.

A story was once told
Of two young farmers bold,
 Starting out in life.
One to new Texas came;
One preferred to remain
On the Sand Hills. 'Twas plain
 His choice for life.

For he struggled and strove,
Was not willing to move,
 On staying bent.
So year in and year out,
He worked hard without
Reward. His back was stout—
 With that content.

The other enjoyed ease—
Resting in Texas breeze—
 While products grow.
Corn may be cut by the drouth,
But cotton down in the South
Will stand more of the drouth,
 As results show.

While the Texas farmer slept,
The one in the Sand Hills wept—
 Bemoaning fate.
His trials seem severe—
Hard luck is always near—
His condition does appear
 Most desolate.

Rich grew the Texas lad;
Both lands and stock he had,
 With lots to spare.
He does not care one cent

If Roosevelt's president,
Or the world on Bryan's bent—
Heart's light as air.

The secret you will guess,
No need further distress
With Sand Hill cries.
Let those who will remain
From bemoaning abstain,
Hearken to sweet refrain
From Texas skies.

A WOMAN'S AGE

Not so very long ago the knowing sage
Decreed that the cap, that symbol of age,
Should by the woman of forty be worn,
She to assume a mental attitude forlorn.
Ah, time has changed this unpopular theme.
Woman rebelled;—from the result 'twould seem
She does not intend to grow old at all.
For now from my pen will a true story fall.

A woman decided she would *not* grow old;
The secret of eternal youth, she was told,
Was to be *very* like the ancient Greeks,—
Always learning some *new* thing, which bespeaks
No time to remember how the years fly by.
She took her first lesson at the age of forty,
Learning to swing the Indian club, beside,
At forty-four the bicycle she's learned to ride.

There were too many things she didn't understand.
At forty-six she took up typewriting and shorthand.
Explaining this last venture, she couldn't be content

Till she knew what those wonderful pot-hooks
meant.

At forty-eight we find her wondering, not quite
sure,

Whether the study of astronomy would be prema-
ture—

In view of her probable destination?

Her enthusiasm is the only explanation

Why she found she could not possibly wait.

We see her in a business college at forty-eight.

What accomplishments her sixth decade may bring

Cannot be told, but feel sure it will fling

New laurels and interests. Why die and leave below

A world full of interesting things she doesn't know?

PAINTINGS ON THE CANVAS OF MEMORY

As sky overhead the changing colors gleamed,

How sweet to remember how once we dreamed!

And tho they are visions of a dreaming hour,

They bear beautiful tints like the blooming flower.

Like the gorgeous color of both sky and sea

Are paintings on the canvas of memory.

As the darkness of evening creeps upon the day

The shadows o'er memory's vale will float away.

One by one memory's leaves of bronze and red,

Falling by the wayside, are woven, like a thread,

Into our lives. The overshadowing of a cloud

Paints the mellowing splendor of memory's shroud.

One memory is a pastel in amber and golden hues,

While another, weirdly tender, silently pursues;

Then one of joyous buoyancy, filled with music gay,

Points to childhood days adown life's crooked way.

Like the coolness of a forest after the heat of the
plain,
Or the lifting of clouds after the patter of rain;
Serving as gleaming beacons will fond memory
Light the devious ways thru a vast eternity.
When gleams awhile memory's wandering spark,
Quivering with meteor's flash, then all is dark,
Then comes the silent sorrow of tears unshed,
And the longing for the loved, the lost, the dead.
Bewilderingly bright seem the smiling eyes
That look down from star-bedecked tranquil skies,
And our hearts are made glad as the smiles and tears
Come back once more from out the silent years.

As memory peers thru its densely latticed vines,
Or listens to sigh of the wind thru long-leaf pines,
There comes a far-away vision, with only the sea in
sight,
And a loneliness like the hoot of the owl in the night.
While memory climbs the rugged hill and winding
vales,
Or lingers by sparkling brook and shaded dales,
How much better to think of the groves and fragrant
pines,
Or of flowers bursting in bloom, and of dewy vines!
The same willows bend o'er the same sparkling
stream,
And we hear the same phantom footsteps, that did
seem
To tread where the burnished leaves lay dead,
And a sunset halo over all of life is spread.

DO THINGS NOW

If a kind word you would say—
Say it now.

To cheer a lonely heart, do pray—
 Say it now.
Lend your brother a helping hand,
His feet way be in shifting sand,
Help him until he's able to stand—
 Do it now.

If you have a message sweet—
 Say it now.
Life's uncertain, time is fleet—
 Tell it now.
Not to-morrow, do not wait,
Just one day may be too late,
Risk it not, at any rate—
 Say it now.

The flowers you have to give—
 Give them now.
Wait not till friends cease to live—
 Give them now.
Sweet thoughts, words, nor flowers bright,
Can do any good in the awful night
Of death, so, with all your might—
 Do things now.

THE LIGHT OF GOD'S LOVE

The joy bells of the heart are now ringing,
Exerting a magic power by singing
Away the gloom that hovered so long
Over a life lately devoid of all song.
This mystic key smooths wrinkles from face of
 care,
Brightening the days where alone despair
Had held full sway, with its fogs so dark;
But now, heart grows light as the wings of the lark.

God never forgets the sinful and the weak,
And tempers the wind no matter how bleak.
His love stoops down to the lowly and lost,
Rescuing his own, yet how great was the cost!

The flow and ebb of each recurring age
Glides unerringly over memory's page;
Teaching us little, if indeed we lean
Only on things by the natural eye seen.
There's not a sun but pours out its heat and light,
Not a star but reflects it with its tiny might;
Nor flower but sheds its fragrance and beauty,
Nor blade of grass but finds 'tis its duty
To scatter colors and new beauty enfold.
The cloud fringes itself with silver and gold,
Heaven's blue over limitless space will sweep,
Rivaled only by the ocean's fathomless deep.
But each object, grass, flower, sunset, or sky,
Depends on light of the sun for its beauty.
So is poured the clear white light of God's love
Out in channels of His providence from above.

We heard a great orchestra play one day,
First the tuning, getting ready in their way—
Some discord and jar, some breaking of strings,
Unpleasant sounds, but there's a changing of things
When the great musician, Theodore Thomas, stood
Before the hundred players. He understood
How, with movement of hands, without a word,
Every instrument was soon in sweet accord,—
Like Milton's heaven's gate, "harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving." So in life abound
Jars and discords and the snapping of strings,
Until the Master Player harmonizes all things;
Under moving of His spirit will be struck then
The "chord of music like the sound of the Great
Amen."

NEW YEAR

Welcome, New Year! Thou dost appear
An embodiment of sweet contentment,
With the graceful flowing mantle of snow—
 So hail, all hail! A welcome we bring.

The earth is aglow, with mistletoe,
The heart is afire, with vain desire;
The sun so bright, with morning light—
 'Tis New Year the bells joyfully ring.

The birds e'en sing, because the spring
Will soon be here, with its good cheer;
The rosy morn, as the day is born,
 Its beaming smile o'er the world does fling.

Because, 'tis true, this year so new
Has loomed in sight with gorgeous might,
Loath to annoy, but laden with joy,
 And eager its gladsome songs to sing.

So cast aside sorrow, live for to-morrow,
Enjoy in some way pleasures of to-day.
Contentment and song the whole day long
 Will gladden the heart while we sing.

Thru New Year's day tread the happy way;
Steering thru deeps of bliss, shun the abyss
Of fatal mistakes that cause heartaches
 And shut out the songs we would sing.

Let no shadows tangle where sunbeams spangle,
Nor gloom be shaking out joys and making
A minor strain, with accompanying pain,
 To flow thru the songs we would sing.

Up the hills of gleam, dream young love's dream,
All the time beholding arms that are enfolding.
From idle words refrain. Reap not in vain
Of the good things the New Year will bring.

If memory be madness, bringing but sadness,
Crowd memory out, with joyful shout—
Join the happy crowd, put away the shroud
That hangs like a pall o'er memory's hall—
And a welcome to the New Year sing.

ELYSIAN DREAMS

One sits and dreams of the golden summer days,
And then of autumn's sweet, tho sad yellow haze;
And the hour for dreaming is in the dim twilight,
When nature is quiet and only half the moon is
bright.

This dim twilight just seems to softly breathe
The sweetness of the past, and to effectively weave
Across the scenes of many a vanished year—
Whose songs and happy voices are still hovering
near.

And Memory's emerald hues change into gold,
When youthtime is gone and the years 've grown old.

Thoughts come creeping around this heart of mine,
And the fairy pictures moving seem almost divine;
Fancy hears faint echoes of a song we once would
sing

Float on the soft zephyrs of a glad dawning spring;
And also sees a vision of a half-remembered scene,
Faint remembrance, because of the years that inter-
vene.

And in the tangled shadows of the whispering trees
Fond memories floated on the wandering breeze;

And, perchance, lifting from off the hard-worn
track,
To give some long-lost dreams of springtime back.

For sad lone hearts are softened by memory's gaze
O'er the long years filled with the sweet bygone
days.

High overhead where the skies are deep and wide
Fond dreams are floating as clouds beyond the tide.
Those dear Elysian dreams of the distant long ago—
Dreams of youth, and springtime, and the tender
afterglow.

TO MY MOTHER

May an angel guide our pen, while we draw
A shaded picture in life, wherein we saw
The footprints of a death-angel's visit,—
To which our greatest sorrow we attribute.
As the curtain of night is let down for rest,
We see those footprints in the streaky west ;
With just a star or two twinkling in the sky—
His flashing speed gave no time for "good-bye."
This precious, aged mother, with form so bent,
He bore away, as on, swiftly on, he went.

In the dim fading light we tremblingly stand,
Groping in darkness with outstretched hand ;
We are a child again, at a fond mother's knee,
And those dear early days we so plainly see.
Again our feet are straying, as Time flees,
And old-time thoughts come floating on the breeze.
We hear the same birds singing as we rove
Thru the tall trees of that same shady grove.
Then we stand again in the dim old hall,

While memory's echoing voices faintly call.
And we have a glimpse of that same dear face
Smiling at us still by the old fireplace.

Some day we'll know, in that land far away,
Why she was taken—and in such a way;
Without a word of "good-bye" or one to cheer
The grief-stricken ones, left so lonely here.
May God forgive us for that we left undone,
For loving words *unsaid*, that might have won
A smile when perchance we caused a sigh.
If we only could have known mother would die,
We'd have spent more time at her dear side;
Helped lighten *her* burdens, whate'er betide.
Aye, mother, no other love abides and endures,
Patient, faithful, and unselfish, like yours.

Why could we not keep her a few more years?
Why, with broken heart, eyes filled with tears,
We must put her away in grave so cold?
Trying in vain, and with anguish untold,
To say, in truth, "Father, thy will be done."
Light seems all gone with the setting sun.
Oh, mother, dear mother, in heaven above,
Thou know'st our failings were not want of love,
Thou know'st we never spoke unkindly to thee—
This thought is indeed a sweet memory.
While we might have added more joy to your life,
And smoothed a pathway with trouble rife—
We hope we never caused you once to weep,
Nor helped to plow sorrow's furrows deep.

Memory can see, so clearly, every day,
Your beautiful face, as you silently lay
In your coffin, so peacefully and calm—
While the hand of cold death, with steady arm,

Had smoothed every wrinkle from your brow—
So noble and so good, but oh, so cold now.
Beautiful, oh, so beautiful, that quiet face!
No sorrows nor worries will again trace
Their furrows across that peaceful brow,
Where all is peace and tranquillity now.

“God knows best,” we sometimes will have to say—
God help us to say it, even this sad day.
And help us so live to meet our mother dear,
In the happy beyond, where there is no tear,
Nor heart-ache, nor sad partings any more,
But happy reunions on the other shore.

No, not now, but in the coming years
We'll read the meaning of our bitter tears;
Some time, with tearless eyes, we will see, and
Some time, some time, we will understand.
Must we be judged as very, very weak,
Because unbidden tears will wet our cheek?
A tender farewell to thee, 'tis vain to weep,
Nothing can disturb thy long, dreamless sleep.

We bow to the decree of an all-wise Father,
Who has promised, in the end, to gather
From all parts of the world, on land, on sea,
And make them one united family.
And while our journey continues, and on we go,
We'll ever listen to thy whispers so low,
And dream afresh of those dear yesteryears,
When thy sweet voice allayed our childish fears.

As time rolls on we may dry our tears,
Yet thru the darkness of the coming years
There will linger with us, till thy face we see,
The halo of thy sweet life—thru memory.

Sleep, dear mother, sleep thy last long sleep ;
By thy flower-covered grave we can only weep,
And pray that some sweet day we all may meet
In the shadowless skies—at Jesus' feet.

DREAMS AND DREAMS

Out of the twilight of early memories,
Peering thru shadows along the way,
From rugged cliffs and smiling meadows,
Come the sweet dreams of our yesterday.

Dreams so real at the time of dreaming—
At the time of awakening so quickly flown ;
Dreams so vivid, and yet so fleeting,
We wonder if indeed they were ever our own.

Dreams that come to us both early and late,
When the green fields shine with an emerald hue,
And the dew-kissed grasses glitter in the sunlight—
And the white clouds fly in the skies of blue.

They linger around us while the storm cloud hovers,
Between the lightning's flash they are seen to
dart ;
When the raging elements have at last subsided,
Those dreams are in hiding around our heart.

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

Why Youth's rosy tints must indeed depart
In the sunset glow,
Why coming years must add aches to the heart,
We would like to know.
The experience of age at the best
Is a constant reminder of that rest—

And a truth reluctantly confessed
By mortals below.

Why Youth's gayety looks not well with years
Of a somber hue,
Why childish laughter does not mix with tears,—
Yet, 'tis very true.

Why we wish to retain, as years roll by,
The good things of life for which we all sigh—
Even the playthings for which children cry
We cling fondly to.

Why must gray hairs come with creeping years,
As the River of Time flows?
They bring the death-knell to youth in arrears,
As everyone knows.

Why must the smooth cheek be furrowed with care,
The eyes grow dim and those glasses must wear—
Why each year adds an extra weight to bear,
As up the hill one goes?

Some day we will know the answers to all these
Questions so trying.
Perchance they'll be borne on the gentle breeze
Thru the pines sighing.
But the solving may come, perhaps, too late.
That we travel thru life doomed by Fate,
Trying to solve questions of this world's estate
There's no denying.

SLIDING DOWN THE HILL

Laughing thru the sunshine,
Whistling thru the vale,
Climbing up the mountain,
See-sawing on the rail;

Wading in the river,
Your heart with joy will fill—
But, tell me, what is better
Than sliding down the hill?

Tell me, little maiden,
With laughing eyes of blue,
If, as in days of long ago,
Your heart is fondly true?
If happier days have come
Adown life's rippling rill
Than those you spent in childhood
When sliding down the hill?

The roses were in blossom,
The tasseling corn was seen
To nod to gentle breezes
That played o'er meadows green.
The happy song-birds twitter,
The woods with music fill,
But what excelled our joy
When sliding down the hill?

The sunset had no splendor,
The darkness held no fear,
The vexatious problems of life,
Thus far had failed to appear.
Nothing but rare old sunshine,
Nothing but laughter to fill
Our lives in those bygone days,
When sliding down the hill.

THAT DEAR LITTLE FACE

Dear little face so bright and sweet,
That now is so full of trust;

Dear little face some day must meet
With stern Fate. Some day, too, must
Find life filled with deceiving.
Dear little heart ne'er dreams of danger.
Would that you might continue believing,
And to life's ills be a stranger.

Dear little face, it is sad to know
That grief will take the place of gladness.
On that dear little face the lines will grow,
And deepen with life's sadness.
Dear little face, with eyes so bright,
Whose future hangs above you,
We'd fold you in our arms so tight—
God knows how well we love you.
To Marjorie Yarrell, February, 1911.

THE GOLDEN HARVEST DAYS

There are moods of the soul in which the dark day
And the rain dripping from eaves allay
The griefs that so surely come to us all;
For "Into each life some rain must fall."
Just as the rain is essential to the beauty
Of all material things, so 'tis our duty
To believe that our sorrows and heartaches,
Our troubles and disappointments, each makes
Or develops our character in some way.
In after years from these experiences we may
Glean some of our sweetest memories,
And be made to rejoice over life's destinies.

Life cannot be one glorious summer-time,
Yet the "melancholy days" are oft sublime.
With the yellow leaf, chilly winds, and purple haze

Old age is pictured in those golden harvest days.
Time speeds swiftly on, and each flying leaf
Tells of winter's approach. And each sheaf
Of grain tells its lesson, and we understand
The gathered truths from the seasons. And
The stars of the heavens, the sands of the sea,
The swift flowing river, with current so free,
All teach great truths in the lives of men.
As nature doffs its modest green when
It puts on its beautiful garment of gold,—
So life, having passed thru its morning, will unfold
Into the busy hum of the afternoon. The gold
Then appears in life's autumnal skies,
Tinging its close with reflected memories.

HOME

Home! That name touches every fiber of the soul,
And from every chord of the human heart will roll
Angelic strains of music at the mention of Home.
Ask the lone wanderer, as he continues to roam,
If the fondest recollections of his grief-oppressed
 heart
Still cling tenaciously, and refuse to part,
From Home, that greenest spot in his memory.
His childhood sorrows were banished by mother's
 lullaby.
The vivid coloring may be dimmed by intervening
 years,
But the wings of imagination can well the heart
 with tears.
Ambition may delude the heart with its golden
 dreams,
Artificial excitement may warm it up with what
 seems

To be pleasure, but Home is the magic circle that
binds
Loving hearts and a refuge which the weary spirit
finds.

THE VOICE BEYOND THE SEA

That voice is in the twilight,
I hear it in the dawn;
When the beautiful Aurora
Paints things with rose and fawn.

It is just as clear at noonday—
In winter, or summer's heat;
With its sweet and bird-like trills,
I am greeted in the street.

It may be but a moment
The lovely song endures;
Yet its rapturous melody
My weariness cures.

And for the moment I forget
That it only exists in memory—
As thoughts fly far across the sea
To that fair land of Italy.

TOO MUCH PHILOSOPHY

It was Rosalind who said, "I'd rather have a fool
To make me merry, than experience to make me
sad."
Give me the originality of a child any day,
Than too much philosophy from a grown-up lad.
Philosophy before breakfast, what more indiges-
tible?

Philosophy for dinner, from dessert takes all the
sweet,
Philosophy for supper, makes a good steak dry and
tough;
Philosophy till bed time, and you've a hard day
complete.

Too serious a diet to feed upon continually,
It upsets the stomach and irritates the brain;
It makes one feel at times like throwing up the
sponge,
And ceasing altogether life's joys to attain.
Then the "genial idiot" comes on the scene of
action,
And for the passing moment dispels our every
care.
Our philosophy-soaked nature is built up again—
We buckle on the armor and assume our usual air.

DREAMS OF OUR YESTERDAYS

As one by one the leaves of an autumn fall,
We turn the pages of our lives and recall
Those treasured incidents hidden from sight;
We hug them to our hearts, aye, hug them so tight.
Yes, there is magic in the glowing grate,
And the bright burning logs this method take
To brighten the dim memories of old;
From the sealed books some pleasures unfold.
What pictures children see in fire so bright,
The fairies, the dreams of childish delight!
Yet older people, sitting before open fire,
Gaze into its bright embers and never tire.
They are among the sweet roses of the long ago,
Listening again to the whispers so low,
And dreaming afresh of the dear yester-years,
Whose sweet refrain allays all their fears.

How strangely we drift on the sea of dreams,
As years in their turn go by. And it seems
They help us to walk life's nobler ways—
Those haunting dreams of our yesterdays.

LIFE'S SUNSET

As the great sun sinks over the western hills,
With mellow golden light this old world fills,
Lengthening out till the far east they reach;
Tho growing dimmer all the way, they teach
That tho the sun in great beauty arose,
Greater grandeur is shown at the day's close.
So adown the varied lengths of memory's lanes
That picture is brightest which truly attains
The reflection of a gorgeous sunset.
Life's morning may have been rosy, but yet
Nothing excels that fading mellow light
Shed broadcast as the sun sinks out of sight.

DON'T SIGH

(With apologies to Riley)

My pretty girl, don't sigh;
He has played you false, I know;
 Has kept not his word,
 Your anger has stirred—
Don't dwell on days long ago.
Like childish troubles, let them pass by—
 My pretty girl, don't sigh.

My pretty girl, don't sigh.
He has treated you mean, I know;
 And your girlish laugh
 Is not heard by half—
As in the days of long ago;

But time will cure that sore heart-cry—
My pretty girl, don't sigh.

My pretty girl, don't sigh ;
You think your heart broken, I know,
For the youthful dream
So changed will seem
From the things of the long ago.
But cheer up and smile, say you'll try
Never again to sigh.

BRIGHT DAYS

As children turn from the ghostly dark,
We will not remember, nor will we hark,
To the times when the thunder pealed so loud,
And the sun was hidden behind a dark cloud ;
But think only when evergreens round us gloomed,
In the wild nooks where sweet roses bloomed.
We'll live over the bright days, let sad ones go—
O'er life's sparkling waters our minds will flow ;
Gathering to our hearts the golden sunbeams,
Casting aside all the gloom that seems
To come unbidden into life's later thought—
An unwelcome guest with sadness fraught.

THE HOUSE OF MIRTH

From any viewpoint one will plainly see,
Tho made up of changes, life is a sea
On which we drift. For our lives are boats—
One frail, one strong, but alike it floats ;
Tossed here and there by an uncertain gale—
Thru fiercest breakers o'er mountain and vale.

Our brightest hopes fade unfulfilled away,
Choice things are taken from us day by day;
Our little dramas come to naught. Lives fail,
Schemes we planned crumble, and thus entail
Disappointments and bruised hearts so sore—
Leaving only fond memories, nothing more.

The house will grow sad that once was gay,
With loved ones gone, so dark seems the way;
Their boats have drifted into foreign seas,
Sailing farther and farther with greatest ease.
The "House of Mirth," no matter in what clime,
Ends with death, pathetic—sometimes sublime.
For the sun of life often sets at noonday,
When it runs its full course 'tis only a short way.

A LANDSCAPE

What a beautiful picture to look upon!
Its splendid outlines most entrancing—
Rippling waves break on the sandy beach,
Soft moonlight on the water dancing.
What a vast stretch of clear sparkling water,
While beyond rises the dense wooded hills
Overarched by the blue sky of heaven,
And air is rife with the songsters' trills.
We catch the music of the breaking waves,
We see swaying pines nodding to the
breeze;
We feel the cool air sweeping o'er the lake,
See the flitting shadows among the trees.

To our right is a beautiful little cottage,
Nestled so quietly in the pine tree grove.
Surely it contains happiness supreme,
And yet there may be no echoes of love

Resounding thru its halls. One thing is true,
Nature has unstintingly done her part.
Wild flowers still blooming on the hillside,
Squirrels scampering, with joy in their heart.
The little wren still sings under the eaves,
The butterfly flits from flower to flower,—
The sun makes glad with its genial rays—
While clouds still furnish the gentle shower.

A PRAYER

Dear Father, help us to do Thy will,
As women, as mothers, as wives;
Help us to heed each duty's call,
And guide us all thru our lives.
Give us each day the strength to rise
Far above each little care;
Let us feel our faith grow stronger,
As we commune with Thee in prayer.
We cannot think of all we would ask,
But Thou knowest our every need.
May we be what Thou wouldst have us be—
For this we most humbly plead,
For Christ's sake.—Amen.

GOOD-NIGHT

When the silvery moon is shining
On a summer's balmy night,
When the blazing sun has slipped
Out of sight,

Then comes the hush of morning,
The calm that precedes night;
When sleepy little songsters will
Chirp good-night.

Fairy voices seem to whisper
Of the joys of restful sleep;
While dear guardian angels their
Vigils keep.

Baby's eyes are closed in slumber;
Of fairyland now dreaming—
Where millions of twinkling stars
Are gleaming.

A REVERIE

Favorite winding walks and woodland ways
Are all deserted on these gloomy days;
And tho all outside be so dark and drear,
Yet the blazing fire casts its radiant cheer.
So we sit to-day in a melancholy mood—
We are not disconsolate, for much that is good
Has fallen to our lot. The lights of other days
Are kindly sending out their friendly rays.

The imagination is kindled by glowing embers,—
This is the year's twilight. One fondly remembers
Time's green springtime. That was the season
When youth's ambition and impulse had no reason.
Aye, from the fragrant flower of childhood,
Thru every change of human life we've stood;
Faced the glare of meridian sun sublime,
To the falling leaves of golden autumn time.
If life's purpose was ennobled, and spirit refined,
The heart made purer, and more ideal the mind,
Then why vain regrets, or for lost things to sigh?
All things will be made right in the "sweet bye and
bye."

There's no poet but has sung of the yellow leaf,
Tho his "melancholy days" have come, each will
bequeath

A lesson. Its glory, its promise of bleakness, tell
Of life, with its autumn-time of splendor. It is
well,

For old age is pictured in the gold we see—
A sad lesson is taught as leaf falls from the tree;
Yet every phase of life has a joy of its own—
And in the field of destiny we reap as we've sown.

Whether it be the minor strains of sorrow and
sadness,
Or the loftier notes of great joy and gladness,
The keys in the human soul are touched with sym-
phonies—
To draw out its sweeter and more perfect harmo-
nies.

Why should we speak of age in a mournful strain?
Age is beautiful, eloquent, if we've not lived in
vain.

At the proximity of death, why should we even
sigh?

We change our earthly homes for mansions in the
sky.

'Twere foolish to be grumbling at wind or at rain,
Or fretting over losses, or the little one may gain;
Or wasting precious time over fancied slights or
wrongs—

Instead of hunting gladness and singing cheerful
songs.

As by a magic wand memories of the bygone years
Are wafted o'er life, like a breeze that disappears;
And here and there among the hills an echo faintly
rings,

Like the voice of long ago, that sweetly and softly
sings
Of the dear old days, the days so long ago fled,
And of the sweetest memories—aye, memories not
yet dead.
And our hearts grow tenderer as those dear old
dreams
Of a checkered past scatter brightening gleams,
Whose roseate hues are reflected o'er life's track-
less sea,
To brighten the dark places thru a dim gray
memory.

THANKSGIVING

For life and health, and peace of mind,
For many friends, both true and kind,
For the cheer of home and its sweet peace,
For sorrows healed, and for joy's increase—
We thank Thee, Lord.

For all the ills that we have missed;
For the strength temptations to resist;
For all blessings Thou hast let fall;
More than we deserved, but for all—
We thank Thee, Lord.

For the cloudy and the sunny hours;
For the breeze that brings no showers;
For the loved ones who always stay;
And for those who are far away—
We thank Thee, Lord.

We worry so because we cannot know
The ways o'er which we have to go;

But Thou hast said, "Be of good cheer."
Because Thou art with us always here—
We thank Thee, Lord.

THAT OLD, OLD STORY

Any place will be sunny and fair
If you, just you, will only be there.
Whether at sea, or mountain, or stream,
I only know it will always seem
The dearest spot on earth to me,—
Now, henceforth, and thru eternity.

We may not have lived just as we planned,
Nor walked the paths our young eyes scanned;
Our first joys came, but as quickly died;
Some things were missed for which we sighed.
Still, better things, perhaps, were wrought
Than the ones that we so eagerly sought.

Have you forgotten that old love story,
When the sunshine flooded earth with glory?
While the birds sang gayly from every tree,
And you thought the sunshine was all for me?
When you gathered sweet flowers beneath our
feet—
That old, old story seemed wondrously sweet;
And the world seemed great, and wide, and free,
With heart filled with love and mystery.

We followed so eagerly the dancing shade,
As we went to and fro thru flowery glade;
And how the little things enthralled us,
As those sweet-toned voices called us,
Giving bright cheer, in the darkest weather—
Dear old days!—when we two were together.

AUTUMN'S ROSARY

As we go to and fro under summer skies,
That are powdered with faint stars, memories
Produced by the storm-cloud materialize
And whisper of dark days as Time swiftly flies.
Visions of youth may come with the silvery morn-
ing,
And brightest hopes with the summer's dawning,
But the autumn of life, with its golden haze,
Reflects added glory to life's closing days.

The sun is just setting in golden splendor,
The cricket has begun his chirp so tender;
The earth is wrapt in a mantle of gold,
Shimmering and fading as night will unfold.
Like the mirage of nature the mind may cross
A trackless waste of sand, and be at a loss
To distinguish the real in a fading past,
To select from the chaos the light that cast
The brightest beam on pathway, for it seems
The greater way we pursued illusive streams.
But enough was true to pave the winding way
With guide-posts to prevent our going astray.

When the eyes of Time are backward turned,
And some of Life's hard lessons we've learned,
We see some profit from the hard knocks of Fate,
Which came to us early, then came to us late.
Now those first lessons learned seem but a dream
In the mind's mysterious far-away gleam.
And we wonder where yesterday's troubles have
flown,
While the tender memories we hug as our own.

We sigh for a firmer foothold at the parting of the
ways,
A feel of something stronger than the glimmering
rays
Of a twilight. Too soon autumn is seen busily
counting
The falling petals on her rosary; too plainly flaunt-
ing
Before our eyes this bitter truth that all must
know—
That we shall ebb out with those who homeward go.

When at last comes the sunset warm and tender,
Life going out with its mellowing splendor,
May we be found ready to answer the call—
That summons to "enter in" and enjoy all
That eternity, with its limitless time,
Its mystic ways, and its promises sublime,
Holds in store for the ransomed and free
In the endless cycles of a great eternity.

THE ISLE OF THE PAST

The same sweet melody by the rippling stream is
sung,
And the sun's same beaten pathway of gold is flung
Across the diamond-studded grasses wet with dew.
The same moon steals above the eastern hilltops in
lieu
Of the same old-time trysts. Same glint of spark-
ling streams
We remember still, since our long ago youth-time
dreams.

Just the grass is turning tawny, the leaves begin to
fall,

And more purple is seen in the distance—that is all.
E'en a glare of autumn's crimson is in the setting
sun,
Touched with a somber hue when life's autumn is
begun.
When the sunlight fades from silver mountain-tops
we gaze
Into the valley with its passing shadow. The sky
is ablaze
With orange and gold. The clouds are made purple
by the rose
And yellow glint of a brilliant sunset. Then twi-
light throws
Its mantle of soft subdued colors, the forerunner
of night.
When its shadows have passed, then comes morning
light,
When the same rosy-fingered Aurora in the east is
seen
To paint with her saffron hues, as the sun's golden
sheen
Is cast upon hilltops, over valley and o'er sleeping
dale—
As the same tiny white clouds along the sky will
sail.
Each day joins the unnumbered host of other days,
at last—
To sleep and be lost in that beautiful Isle of the
Past.

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